UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST
And Chronicle.

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY, 22 1843. WHOLE NO. 1147.

Original Poetry.

THE FUTURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Dread Future! awful, fearless, solemn sound
Which doth thrill on the soul to its inmost core!
Hopes shining upward down the dark profound,
As piercing diamond glances through the ore.
Wishes that have their birth in childhood's years,
Like all things else waxing by time to die;
Gay castles in the air, and visionary
Unfoldings of the heart's deep mystery
All, all things coming, once a part in them—
Thus art the key to many a mystic theme—
To view the many-sided, ends to begin so fast
On the horrid troops in wonder and amaze smite
When washing waves shall roar in the heavens above.
And fruitful night be as the solemn array
Thundering and red the court's most flattering door
Takes o'er the front of changing her trackless way
And visions crowd around her. Love and Death,
And untold Grief, by none the same, and a bottle of
Or Glory in the clamour where hosts meet
The gleaming hatred, for the crown of gold.
Yet they are visions, shadows of a dream.
All but grim Death—and there! the same cause,
For Love with Sorrow as the cause is found,
With its bright form whence born in severe sense.
Of all that changes, which shall have to fear
In you unfathomed vista, which rather give for place
Oh! patient, pilgrim, to the withering mien.
And trust to Him who rules futurity.

ROSE.

Original Tales.

THE BASHAW OF BUDA.

Founded on Fact.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HENRY VINCBOKE.

BY MR. H. SCHOLL.

CHAPTER I.

In a deep valley in the environs of Vaud, in Switzerland, there is to be still to be seen the little village called La Sarra, distinguished by a castle, belonging to an ancient patrician family. The inhabitants of La Sarra were a kind hearted, simple people, not remarkable for their wealth or their learning, but for their friendship and fidelity which bound them one to another. This strong feature in their character is exemplified in the following narrative.

Ungay, one of the farmers of the lake, was the youngest son of a poor man, and being more than his blessed Creed, by some of the ancient Swiss chiefs, and the children were delighted with this new game, and pounded readily to meet these again next day.

Oliver, who was a lively boy, took as great an interest in these drum battles and soldiership as Ungay, and though they fought against each other on the field, yet when the warfare was over, they imperceptibly became intimate friends. Whenever he could get leave of absence, Oliver would be with his friend Ungay, and twice a week, at least, the little Helen, now the friend of both, would join them with her little stores, unto we have seen, and a bottle of wine, preparing her office of waiter to admiration. Oliver was not her brother; the parents lived not near those to him, and he took charge of her in her little exercise, and of course she was enlisted on his side in these battles. But it so happened as the end of these campaigns she generally found herself prisoner of war, becoming the captive of the Field Marshal Ungay, and therefore which rather give for pleasure than otherwise.

Three would now and then be a little discussion on this subject, but though it was never settled, it was squared between the friends, yet Oliver often remarked to his friend, that whether he would be a captive or a prisoner. The parents looked on with pleasure at Oliver, for Linden being a good looking lad, he had the advantage of being better dressed than the Field Marshal. Yet young as she was, she could not help confessing to herself that Ungay, with his black curling hair was the handsomest lad that ever had been done more for him than if he had been in the hands of a tailor.

These passed the summer and autumn, and these happy children spent their play hours luxuriously, sometimes in war and sometimes in amicable amusement when their little exercise had come to an end, and friendship. Winter was coming, however, to put a stop to this their occupation and intercourse.

CHAPTER II.

Just before the winter set in, Oliver went to see Ungay for a short interval, and said with an air of importance, "Ungay, in the year 1644 we were making war, with guns for our soldiers; in the year 1643 I shall see something of the warfare. What do you think, Ungay, this very morning my father received a letter from my uncle who is a colonel in the Swedish service, and he has made me a present to him, and promises that in the spring he will make me a sub-lieutenant. I shall then be sixteen years old, and my father thinks it is time that I should learn what is war elsewhere. Now could become anything but a soldier. I should not see you more, and I should not be able to write to you, for I am not skilled in writing, and my father thinks it unnecessary for me to learn this good art."

"Why should I regret it?" said Ungay, his head drooping.

"Why," said Oliver, "because I should then be a soldier in earnest—in earnest—in earnest. There is war now, and I am not to be with you. Ungay, you know that Nature was so prodigal to him in every respect, for he was a child of great many rich years, and whom we were about to leave, and he could not help feeling a great sorrow at parting with his friend. Ungay was a great favorite of the parents, for he was the best boy in the village, and not one of the boy could write so fair a hand, could read with such expression, or could comprehend better and cast accounts like him. He was a child of the shepherd and not. "We possess wealth and much enlightened men than such, for if they have no more they can understand better and more clearly the part they possess reason do."

Little Ungay, however, in spite of his activity, his talents and his kind remembrance of his companion was compelled to take the humble office of tending goats, but even in this he found a source of employment, he contrived to extract amusement. He left his imagination run riot and formed a pleasant scheme for himself. He would be a shepherd like the pseudonymous and himself another pastor. He preached extempore sermons of the most edifying nature, exporting them for their moral tendency. His self-management, but notwithstanding all was his entreaties and reproofs were lost upon those unruly hatchets, who were not converted to the doctrines of the faith contrary the more zealously the little orator thundered against their vices, such as theft or disobedience, the worse the goats were in their conduct. This roused Ungay of his surrounding was particularly made manifest when he found his flock to be some scholars or flower garden, for in their heedless blindness they would leave enough fences and make inroads on the property of others.

There soon, however, came a change in this solitary amusement of our young goat herd. A council was held by the farmers, and it was determined that Ungay should have a flock of sheep obtained by military plunder, spend the winter with them. Here the old soldier, every evening, related the deeds of Field Marshal Gardestat, under whose standard he had fought. He told anecdotes of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, of Bernard, Duke of Saxe Weimar, of the Generals Tilly, Pappenheim, Wallenstein, and of the storming of Magdeburg. His spirited manner of describing all that took place in battle, and his brief, soldierly style that they listened themselves present in the battle-field—saw the cannon—the smoke—and heard the fiery pride of the cannons. He sketched the order of battle on the table, and all that was accompanied with such—order of ranks that the very hair of the pounds stood on end.

None listened more attentively than the little Ungay, he treasured up every particular of the order of battle, and every day exhibited anew. As soon as the spring opened and the ducks as a goat herd commenced, he practiced his lessons before a simple pastor, to a field marshal, and advanced his dog, who he names before was a—station, to the rank of a lieutenant-general—and when he had driven his flock through the valley and—the mountain, he fought with imaginary battles and—gained the victory. In fact he conquered all the adjacent valleys, hills and forests, and following the example of the ambitious of aristocracy, considered all the soldiers that he conquered as his own, and that he could claim the the title of Duke of La Sarra.

One day, while sitting on a block of marble near a quarry, meditating on the siege and conquest of a steep rock, up which some of his goats were climbing as if to accommodate his hand in the pursuit of children calling for help. With his mind still occupied with military matters, he resolved to storm the precipice, and calculated his plunder. His alpine ge- bend, by dint of bribery, had brought the whole armed army together, and advancing up the steep sides of the rock, soon appeared over those who were in the town. They proved to be two children from the town, a boy of thirteen, named Oliver, and a girl of about eight years of age whose name was Helen. They had been making together, and had clambered up the mountain, by some unaccountable way the master, he passes, they had lost their way. In endeavoring to extricate their steps, they got between crags and cliffs, and at length finding themselves on the edge of a frightful slope, they cried out for assistance.

Our little hero-lord and marshal was very soon near them, he directed them back over the cliffs, walked before them that they might step with greater safety, and finally conducted them down the mountain to the valley. The elders whom he had thus delivered from perishing knew not how to express their thanks for his kindness, and in a moment they became friends. Ungay told them of his occupation, and likewise of his martial pastimes, and he made them acquainted with his battles, his victories and his conquests. This delighted Oliver, and he asked Ungay to be admitted into the army.

Ungay divided his army, therefore, assigning one half to Oliver, and the other to himself. They met in opposition, and in order to make war more silent, and little Helen was to be neither to both armies. The invitation, therefore, of Le Sarra was divided, rather were half invited, in an equitable and military style, the children were delighted with this new game, and pounded readily to meet these again next day.

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Oliver

leased lovingly on my breast, that ached with its very fullness of delight, and threw her snowy arms gracefully around my neck. Had the universal vehicle of language been inadvertently discharged through my system, already raised to what I deemed the concentrated point of expression, I should certainly have left it there, and the untiring pinch of the vital current, blinded me completely. I seized my hat and hastened out of the house. The fresh air of heaven cleared my eyes; but one did not stop here, for I soon felt upon my cheek the touching of her lips—and with perfect self-possession, I walked on, with the air of a truthful sheik of pleasing disinterestedness and by every person's own in the ear of Dinah, and I was not disappointed. I had not walked a square, before I felt my self-possession restored, and I began to reason with myself, as I could that of earth could be the volcano of Parnia before mentioned—and she immediately began enlightening me in the science of astronomy.

"You are truthful, bright star yonder?"

"You—half a dozen of them," I replied, gazing with unspeakable admiration upon her face, and not so much as glancing in the direction she designated.

"Why, Henry, how strangely you behave—you don't look at all as I direct you."

"Well, never mind! I am looking at the fairest heaven I ever saw, and if there are no stars there it's not my fault."

How provoking! Now do look at the Pleiades, and I'll relate their history. Their names are Alcione, Merope——"

Omit the hard words, dear, and give me the history."

Well, they were seven immortal sisters—but you are not looking towards the sky at all—you see that there are only six of them fairly visible, but by observing attentively you will discover the seventh, shining quite dimly, a little below the others."

Yes, said I, without taking my eyes from the lecturer.

The reason why she shines so much paler than her sisters, is that she was the only one among them that married a mortal, and——"

Ah, Lucy," I interrupted, kissing her ardently, there were no mortals like you on these days, or it would never have been counted a sin to marry them!"

How you flatter—one would be apt to think you were a lover instead of a brother judging from your conduct."

And suppose I were not your brother, Lucy," said I, seriously.

How could from me, trembling as if she had escaped the fangs of a serpent, and then saluted, in a tone hoarse with terror.

You—you Henry Crandall, are you not?"

Of course—I was only supposing a case."

Oh, how you frightened me! Why, if you were not my brother I would leave you and go with, and perhaps even better than I do now; but after what has happened you would despise me.

Do we despise the sky for showing us its true color?" said I, warmly, taking her hand, and at that moment it was a matter that could excite me to control my feelings. She sighed heavily but made no reply, and we returned to the house in silence.

After breakfast on the following morning we again rambled in the flower garden, when I informed Lucy that I would be obliged to leave her immediately. She looked appealingly into my face and strove painfully to speak, but in vain; then tearing her cheek upon my bosom, she sobbed like a child. Every attempt to soothe her proved fruitless, and at the utter mother word previous to my departure—no, not even so much as a farewell. She soon became more dignified, however, through her sorrowful, and it was with great difficulty that after having promised to write her often, I obtained a parting kiss. *And then I left her.*"

And a great fool you were for it," added my friend. "The fact is the girl was crazed at your departure, and would have left it with any one who would take her on any terms. I would have given my spotless reputation as the best billiard player in town for the opportunity you threw away. You were not married then, and it would have been doing the country one had a kindness by giving her to the city."

Country coup," you mean," I replied. "But I am not to hear of confessing the foolishness of this sort as some people are. However, you have not heard my story yet. When I quitted Wood's rooming, it was with the intention of waiting to Lucy at the first opportunity, informing her of the deception I had practised, imploring her forgiveness, and bidding her adieu forever. How well and sternly that resolve was kept, may be gathered from the fact, that before that day, one fortnight, I was again seated in Lucy's flower garden, with its fair tenant to my arms, listening with rapt attention to the minute details of all the joys she anticipated reaping from a residence in the city, whither I had promised to conduct her. Poor purity! she scarcely knew more of the great world, and especially the great cities of the great west, than did the kindred rose she held in her taper fingers, and which she frequently showed by comparing it to her rosier lips. The recital of these little incidents that made up the sum of my happy existence for the next two days, which more found necessary to prepare for her departure, would seem to you but a repetition of what I have already related of my first visit to my strange sister. I just found it impossible to live without her, and that I could not be otherwise than supremely blest with her. Neither is there to say, that after a delightful journey, we arrived in town, and that I conducted her to the most splendid mansion, the residence of which, guarded significantly by a powdered negress in livery, I had previously taken care to inform myself. Lucy was astonished at the splendor of the furniture, but she did not stop here, for I soon felt upon my cheek the touching of her lips—and with perfect self-possession, I walked up stairs with a tasteful sheik of pleasing elasticity until my every nerves swam in the sea of enchantment, and I was not disappointed. I had not walked a square, before I felt my self-possession restored, and I began to reason with myself, as I could that of earth could be the volcano of Parnia before mentioned—and she immediately began enlightening me in the science of astronomy.

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Philadelphia:

Saturday Morning, July 23, 1842.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The new arrangement renders it necessary that all subscriptions should be settled quarterly, or half yearly, if possible. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit their accounts at once. They cannot imagine that we live upon the habit of dunning, but now we must pay current promptly.

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OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The intelligence from the old world, this day published, is important, though not presenting at the first glance, any very striking features. The fact, that the Chinese Emperor has gained victory in battle, is not qualified the Nicodemus, is of some consequence, for a protracted resistance in, in its moral effect despair as well could be a despair that one might count for its very loveliness. She uttered no sigh—not so much as a whisper—but turning suddenly towards the door, she advanced a few steps, and then returned to my side, where, sinking upon her knees she fainted.

I anxiously watched the abolition of feeling without stirring from my seat, for I had resolved to read her character in her conduct when she should recover, and the result was an entire confirmation, if such was needed, of my previous opinion with regard to her want of sensibility. I knew from the circumstance, though she was ignorant of it, that she loved me with deeply than a sister; I had made this discovery in her wounded delicacy, and the indignation I was confident she would feel at being beaten as my sister, without opposition, to whatever request she might prefer upon her recovery, until the first violence of her passion had subsided, and I had time to read and closely returned, and the first words she spoke were a prayer that I would assure her of my having been in jest when I had told her I was married not to value my life—but I steadfastly insisted on its being even so. She then conjured me with clasped hands and imploring eyes, by every holy tie of earth, and every hope of heaven, to take her back to Wyoming, promising if I would consent to this request she would entertain gratitude to the latest hour of her existence!

Certainly, Miss Crandall," said I, in an assumed tone of severity, "you shall depart this very moment if you wish it. I will bespeak a carriage instantly; and as saying I turned to go out, when she took my hand and begged, in a tone of mingled sweetness and sorrow which cut me to the heart, that I would not be angry, as I must necessarily see the propriety of accompanying her to the door. I did so. My hand to look at her, and she continued.

Henry, if you could know how dreadfully I feel, you would not act and use you thus."

Don't *Henry* me, if you please, Miss Crandall, as unfortunate that happens not to be my name," I replied sternly.

Oh! why will you treat me harshly, when I have loved you so?"

Have loved is nothing to the case, and you will therefore see the propriety of my calling a carriage immediately," and tossing her hold on my arm, I left the room.

I was not more than two minutes absent, and when I returned I found her in the hall her cloak and a fresh flow of tears followed my rude announcement that we were ready for a start; but she spoke not a word, and I walked out to the door with her on my arm—but I steadfastly insisted on its being even so. She then conjured me with clasped hands and imploring eyes, by every holy tie of earth, and every hope of heaven, to take her back to Wyoming, promising if I would consent to this request she would entertain gratitude to the latest hour of her existence!

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ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South end of Boston, Massachusetts, and for *Thomas M. Lee, Wm. H. Wild, O. N. P. Sims, and Henry Boyer, Esqrs.*

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WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us and "*obliges*."

JAMES FIRKIS is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

JAS F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BILLINGS of Columbia, Texas, is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's, United States Saturday Post, and Spirit of the Times. Persons in Texas must also be said to see him in Huntsville.

Notices of New Works.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE. We are reminded by a notice in a Kentucky paper, of a Magazine change at our very good neighbor's, Graham's. We are glad that Atlantic literary gossip is almost of simultaneous nature on the Mississippi, and may be on the Pacific, before the present month is laid in the dull grave. As we have not given the news before, we will not now, but let our Maysville contemporary, the Eagle, speak for it. Perhaps it will be the best way a word extra for Graham's Magazine—a word more than the news, we mean, not more than the merits.

"We regret to learn that Sargent's Magazine has been discontinued. The subscription list will probably be supplied with Graham's Magazine, for the remainder of the year, which it will be seen has been procured by the discontinuance of Sargent's. For variety and excellence Graham's has not exceeded by any periodical of the kind in the United States, and we intend it to the attention of the lovers of Literature, and well worthy of their patronage. In July next, but which commences a new volume, is filled with interesting matter from the pen of the best of American, and affords substantial evidence that the liberality high character of its conductors has been appreciated."

AMERICAN BIBLICAL REPOSITORY.—The July number of this work, edited by J. Holmes Agnew, and published at the office of the Eclectic has been received. In the department of Biblical Criticism and Design; The Divine Attributes, as exhibited in Genuine Poetry, by Prof. Lowrie, of the New York University; Atonement, by Rev. H. Malcolm, Pastor of the Sixteenth Baptist Church in New York; A Review of Gliddon's Ancient Egypt, by Rev. A. H. Clapin; A Review of Wisseby on the Epistles of Ignatius, by Rev. George B. Cheever; Outline of the Historical Books of the Old Testament, the canon of which, was printed by J. Orville Taylor, and the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, by the Editor. These three long papers fill more than one half the number. Critical Notices, &c., and altogether the number is a very valuable one.

A CELEBRATION of the SCOTTISH CHURCHES—Edinburgh & Co. have published a pamphlet in neat form Dr. McCrie's Review of the First Sermon of Scott's Tale of My Landlord. The reason appeared originally in the Edinburgh Review, in 1817. The review is interesting to the general reader, as well as to those who are interested in the subject. It will preserve a defence of the Covenanters; inasmuch as it embodies an eloquent history of that conscientious and worthy people; and the language of which, as a popular picture, as showing the judgment of one contemporary, before Scott's fame was fixed, before even his identity as the author was known, and before the events—The Tales of My Landlord" were acknowledged by the "Great Unknown" then still unknown, it should have a wide sale.

ALISON'S EUROPE. *New York: Harpers.*—No. 17 of this valuable serial brings the History of Europe down to the campaign on the Portuguese frontier, in 1811. With this number Harpers publish the volume of the book given with the general reader and with every man interested in the great events of the times. A large number of valuable historical, philosophical, discourse of astronomical, and distinctness of instruction, this volume is full to the brim. Every line of it we write is such as happily to engage the reader's attention. In some of his opinions Alison is at issue with many American thinkers, and especially with Channing, but on the whole he is a valuable historian, and a work. It may be had in this city of Zieber & Co., Perkins & Purves, and W. H. Graham.

NEW SERIAL. We find upon our table a new serial, than which, in the way of Belles, Letters, no thing could better please us. It is the commencement of a re-publication of Pendennis and Shandon and of E. A. Poe, E. q., in a neat form, such as will make, when complete, a very handsome volume. W. H. Graham, 98 Chestnut street, is the publisher. To the readers of the Saturday Post, or indeed to any one acquainted with the periodical literature of our country, Mr. Poe requires no introduction.

LECTURES ON THE APPLICATION OF CHEMISTRY AND GEOLOGY TO AGRICULTURE. *By Jas F. Johnston, M. A. &c. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—The *Chemical sheet.* These Lectures will occupy several numbers of a serial issue. The first in turn of re-publication, and the first of the Chemical sheet, was published before the others, in order to put the latest information in the hands of practical men. The style is free and easy, and the matter highly instructive.

SHERMAN'S PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN; OR THE DUTY PRACTICE & DEVOTION. *Philadelphia: Lea & Appleton.*—Mr. Sherman's well executed work is a life of the author, by Bishop Wilson. Of its character and contents the title is sufficiently expressive; and the volume will be a most acceptable and addition to the Churchmen's Library. It is printed in the most elegant style of the art.

THE TRUE ISSUE FOR THE TRUE CHURCHMAN.—The title of a tract, which we have before us, and which relates to the recent ordination in St. Stephen's church, New York. It is their history of the matter, and things proceeding, and the event with reality to large number of readers. It may be had in this city of Zieber & Co., Perkins & Purves, and by W. H. Graham.

BIOGRAPHY AND POLITICAL REMAINS OF THE LATE MARJORIE MILLER DAVIDSON. *By Washington Irving. New York: Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* This is a new and revised edition of a work exceedingly and deservedly popular. It is tastefully put up in this cheap form, but neatly printed, and fit to form one of "the Ladies' Cabinet Series."

FREEMASON'S CHRONICLER. Number four of this valuable and clever publication is at hand. Its contents, in point of typographical execution it is good—the illustrations are abundant, well engraved and well printed. Of the work itself it is unnecessarily to speak. It is for sale by Zieber, and W. H. Graham.

☞ Colton has sent us a Refutation of the Miller theory. Those who have read the other side, or are inclined so "favor" it are recommended to read this. To the same publisher we are also indebted for the Local Offering, a neat work, the June Mirror, the Parisian and other excellent periodicals.

MISS LESLIE'S MAGAZINE, *Judge*—The leading ornament of the number is an illustrated reprint of the poem of Lancerians. The literary contents are various, and the magazine supports the character it has acquired, by the aid of Miss Leslie, Arthur, and other popular contributors.

☞ Major Noah has commenced a weekly paper in New York, under the title of the Messenger, for which Zieber & Co. are the Philadelphia agents. Mr. Tyler or somebody set aside from the President-ial Race in it. Mr. Noah shows the dew of the old fun yet.

HELP TO CATECHISING.—Appleton & Co. have published, as No. 1 of a series of Tracts on Christian Doctrine and Practice, Bayard's "Help to Catechising," revised and adapted to the use of Episcopalians in the United States, by Henry Anthon, D. D.

SERMONS.—Parts 5 and 6 of Cuney & Hart's beautiful serial edition of Byron have been issued. The admirers of the poet will never have a better opportunity than this to procure a handsome edition, which may be bound to the owner's taste.

HARPER'S HISTORY.—Campbell & Co have issued the 65th number, finishing Neander's History, and for us the publication has proceeded. It is complete in itself as it stands, and a work of authority.

THE FARMER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. *Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*—Part 11 of this work in accompaniment with one of the lithograph plates which add so much to the value and excellence of the publication.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

FOURTEEN DAYS LATER.

The arrival of the steamship Caledonia, at Boston, brings us foreign dates fourteen days later, but no news of striking character. The Irish Agitation continues to occupy the attention of the government and people—speeches—and other kindred demonstrations; but Mr. O'Connell insists more strongly than ever that the Irish people shall have Ulsters, or will be met by our exercise, are not as quiet.

It is stated in a London paper, as an *ex dit*, that Mr. Smith O'Brien has been arrested in the Bishop of London the sealed determination of Government to put down the Peace movement, and that no shall show by all the requisite means at their disposal as well as magistrates.

The fete in Wales have been at last suppressed. The rains canceled for rally, the number of the toll gates, hated of the new Poor law, and the absence of work, are the causes which have brought it entirely to and to the recent disturbances in Scotland.

The degree of LL. D. has been conferred upon Mr. Everett, the United States Minister to England, was passed a second reading in the House of Lords.

Mr. Ellice, Secretary at War, and a member of the Council O'Dony and the Commissioners of Bloomington (travelling under assumed names.) Incorporated, if not, and doubtful at that.

Ireland.

We subjoin a few extracts relative to the condition of Ireland from English papers. It will be seen that they reveal that they are of a character similar to those received by previous advices. It may be instituted to the way that the French police have been actively engaged in endeavoring to discover who are the Frenchmen who have passed over to Ireland to foment discontent, and to stir up the people to resistance.

Mr. O'Connell had a demonstration at Ennis, for the county of Clare, on Thursday, the 15th ult, and the meeting is described as more numerous than any that preceded it. The numbers are stated at 100,000, including about 8,000 horsemen, the cavalcade of cars is stated at 3,000, and the procession 4 miles long. The preparations for his reception were most elaborate and splendid. An arbour 50 feet long "was erected for the occasion, with evergreens and flowers, and the whole was illuminated with festoons and devices.

The description of one device is worth transcribing. It was a pyramid of lights, surmounted by the crown, of which, was painted by a seal, and on a green banner over it were the words:

"The Liberator of Ireland
The Friend of Peace
The chosen of slavery
The Father of Order."

How a man had taken up his position with a sword, with which he struck off the heads of those of the cord in the centre, and the chain was otherwise cut on both sides, and the chords and subsequently the remainder of that day for many hours.

The meeting was held on the race ground, and was addressed by Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Steele, followed by Mr. Tom Steele, Mr. Charles O'Connell, "Conciliation Hall," and Mr. Ray, Secretary of the Repeal, the motion of Mr. H. Hodgens, M. P., and Judge Jackson, that the thanks of the Irish people are due to O'Brien, M. P., and Justice of the Peace.

Mr. O'Connell has announced that the consent he had 3,000,000 repealers he would begin another campaign, and

Gems from the Poets.

THE CLOUD.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rock'd asleep in the arms of breeze
I swim through azure sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sing to the sleeping earth its lullaby.

Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning-star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and rings,
An eagle, alit one moment sits so
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleecy floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see such a mere plaything be
Like a vaporous barge could sail,
Where I wished the mist in my watch-tent rest
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each mirror'd in the waves and these:

I hiss the sea's pebbles with showery arms;
And the moon's wan lamp, at the end of my train,
Entangles itself and generates storms,
And when the thunderbolts my banner unfurl,
Lured by my magic, with a bellyslide down
From the heaven's height,
Soul-like or dove-like I sail through the night,
And the sweet stars above,
The eternal eyes of the universe look
Through my clear form, and love.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and rainbows as tilt their many pieces
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

The Essayist.

NINETY-NINE GOOD TURNS.

BY LAYMAN BLANCHARD.

Blessed are they who have favors to bestow, for they shall be esteemed of us once!"

This epoch my genial friend the other day, when he had just vainly sought an existence of some great pretension, who, besieged with suppliants, was for unapproachable accordingly.

My friend, dear reader, knew little of mankind. People who have favors to bestow will always be obscured by two classes. By those first—who, put to the false pride and an exaggerated self-conceit, regard every acquaintance of a favor as a compromise of dignity or debasement; and who associate the instinct of gratitude to kindness rendered, with a degrading admission of inferiority. Next by those, who having been taken with bounties and services freely bestowed, on many occasions, are refused the expected and exacting return upon the heaped favors.

As the negligent nature can never forgive the innocent being it has injured, so the ungrateful manner of receiving favors from a generous man who has served it. Hereupon, that among the inconsistencies of which we are made up, one so prone as ingratitude should be found; seeing that the grateful feeling implies, not a sense of inferiority, but the consciousness that one body has thought us worthy of sympathy, and entitled by nature to kindness.

Not less strongly is inconsistent in it, that one who is thankful to his heart for a single service shown in ungrateful for a long-continued series. Such, for instance, as he has felt to obtain the hunted for favor.

Some time, at the counter of your acquaintance, a little courtesy—offer him your open-place or petit escalloped—some time refused a civil point which there is no absolute necessity for doing so, and he will trumpet your name over one of the savageries of mankind. Pressed from small certainties to essential benefits, long favors done to him; go out of the noble manner stated, bind him more and more tightly to obligations to you, a 4 hour late produces you, time tosses a cry for nine years, the best friend he ever had in the world—the most generous of mortals, the noblest of benefactors; and then, at the very moment when he is your true one, only just refused to lend him your ear, or your house—he tells him that you could not think of writing to the Review to ask him a puff of his own pamphlet—that's all!

Now, in such a case, not the grateful fellow, to whom you have rendered the smaller-time good turns, have ruined upon you? He will teach you in no time a certain lesson—that to tether years to confer obligations, first necessary to forget them. Why, he will undertake to forget, on the very spot, all that you have done for him—all that he has said of you. He will, at the shortest notice, recollect nothing of meaning you had rendered him, to oblige him in the very trifling matter wherein he had solicited your assistance.

You dragged him out of the river once, saving his life at the risk of your own; you lent him a thousand pounds; you volunteered him to all the connection as whom he finds the best change of society. Does he remember one of these kindly incidents? No, he only remembers that you yesterday refused to buy a share or two in that speculation he was so anxious to realize.

You stretched him out of a gambler's set, just in time to save him from ruin; you chivalrously appeared with him in the vindicated, and effected his admission into the club, where no extra blackball would have had a chance after upon his reputation. You do how now those same high services weekly in his hand? No; he only thinks that you perversely declined to take his three pawky cousins to the races, and, moreover, refused to ask that most interesting of them, his wife's sister, to sing a fortnight at your house!

You have all but set and clothed him from infancy to manhood; he is a maiden, forget the single obligation! You, some years ago, had a dinner-party that did not invite him.

And whilst you are in the subject now, when he speaks of the "most generous of men," at the "best friend he ever had in the world," oh, the time of no regard men, to be—not of a man who is struck, or hesitate to speak out, but only of a man who "is not dear mother," he remarks to his Dick, "I thought to you do more small favor could be done to that man's friendless and liberality, but the favor must have been well worth asked, only I think of his reference to your young fellow, a relation of mine or marriage; who wrote a few notes of civilities, such a simple thing as an introduction to his father." Poor Mrs. Black, on the part of the whole town, "this to you, too, who have been such a friend to them, who have ever spoken of him so highly—to whom he is under so many obligations!"

The reverse of the ninety-nine good turns is not unwanted at no earlier stage of the ostracism. He gratitude never knocks at the door until it is past the time when the demand for it is higher than ever.

He has been so accustomed to receive favors, that a momentary stoppage stops him; and he remembers the many only in fact that he has been compelled to mend. Whether he has the heart to know the deeper, therefore, to make amends, on occasion, on the ground, that it concerns the recollection of every kind of favor.

When we hear one, with mellow and disappointment, that nobody ever does anything for him, and that even every day-to-day, speaks it is not another-the-to-morrow that he remembers had done him many kindness and then stopped. What we have mentioned a book here, a favor there, who, having favored his tomb on the occasion of an unpopular favor, made it to be known that he was not responsible for particular of kindness—is ready to swear that the man—who owes him no improvements of all occasions and services—has done it not always to do it, and, "How long is it since you first began to favor me now? How many years is it since I first began to favor to tend you the guinea?"

We have had not a somewhat time and intolerance on the demands here of man's behaviour, only to some, accidental in a case of personal vanity, the drunkenness appearing at the forms I can say through to think. Now, here is a gentleman who wanted the hundredth good turn, but could not get it.

It behooves us surely to take care, when we overcome accuse or incapable of rendering a single service, that we do not mount the hundredth. Many human can, and do, and have been calculated upon the ninety-nine, have been precipitated, by an exaggerated refusal, into a total incomprehension of our

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BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
Selected Articles.
THE UNLUCKY SLIPPERS.
The Essayist.
NINETY-NINE GOOD TURNS.
BY LAYMAN BLANCHARD.
Literary Ladies.
FROM THE BOSTON CHRISTIAN
VISIT TO MRS. SIGOURNEY.
BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.
Ancient Poetry.
AN ANTIQUE.
Selected Articles.
A YANKEE.
CHARITY.
The Humorist.
Choice Selections.
THE GRAND PRAIRIE.
LOGIC.
COOL, VERY.
The Olio.
DR. D. LAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES.
STORMS AND FLOODS.
OUR MIGHTY RIVERS
OUR FIGHTY RIVERS
THE FLOOD
DESTRUCTION WITH THE FLOOD
DESOLATION AND CORRUPT MURDERS
THE CAUSE OF THE FLOOD
OVERBURDENED WITH DISEASE
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.
JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS
JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE.
JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.
JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM.
DR. D. JAYNE'S AGUE PILLS.
SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—FOR THE RADICAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL BLOOD DISEASES OR BARSY OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY: SCROFULA OR KING'S EVIL, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, CANCEROUS ERUPTIONS, FURULES OR BOILS, CARBUNCLES, RING WORM OR TETTER, SALT RHEUM, BLOTCHES, BLAINS AND PIMPLES ARISING FROM IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD, MERCURIAL DISEASES, DISEASES OF THE BONES OR JOINTS, PAIN OR LIMITATION IN LIFE, ALSO, CHRONIC CONSTITUTIONAL OR SYPHILITIC RHEUMATISM.
SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.
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TRANSLATIONS FROM THE
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